

Help: I Really Need Somebody

by The Hidden Gryffindor

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Summary: She was a gorgeous Slytherin, cold and calculating. He was a popular Gryffindor, brave and reckless. How could such polar opposites be anything more than enemies? This is based from after the war.

1. Chapter 1: It was for the best

She was a gorgeous Slytherin, cold and calculating. He was a popular Gryffindor, brave and reckless. How could such polar opposites be anything more than enemies? This is based from after the war.

Anyways I'm really enjoying writing this story and there should be weekly updates. Please read, review and follow/favourite. Enjoy! Also more details are in the AN at the end of this chapter.

Disclaimer: I am obviously not J.K. Rowling

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><p>'The Boy who Lived', 'Vanquisher of Voldemort', 'Death-bringer to the Dark Lord' and 'Savior of the Wizarding World.' Each of these four titles, along with many others belonged to a single eighteen-year old- Harry Potter.<p>

It had been approximately six months since the defeat of Voldemort but that didn't mean that Harry was getting any less attention than he was the day after the war ended- and quite honestly he was sick of it. In fact he was so tired of the attention that for the past four months Harry had spent majority of his time in Grimmauld Place with only Ron, Hermione and occasionally Molly allowed as visitors. The three had ensured that Harry got plenty of entertainment, reading material and food respectively; they had also helped him make the Black house much more of an appropriate place to live in. Now after

so much time of only the company of three people Harry desired nothing more then to go back to Hogwarts- his home. Thankfully though, the new school term was starting the following month, and Harry couldn't wait for what he hoped would be a stress free year.

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><p>Grimmauld Place

"Harry!" Hermione shouted out from the hallway of Harry's house, "Harry! Where are you?"

"In the library!" her friend replied. Hermione dashed up the staircase and barged into her favourite room of Harry's home. Upon reaching the library she rushed in to give the boy, she considered to be her brother, a hug. She then continued to throw her bag down onto the floor and flop down into an armchair.

"You feeling okay Mione?" Harry asked concern evident on his voice.

>"Just getting prepared for the conversation I have to have with you."<p>

"Oh? And what conversation would that be?"

"The Ginny conversationâ€|"

"I'm surprised you hadn't brought it up sooner." Harry said coolly.

"Harry James Potter! Don't you dare shut off on me! I'm doing this for your own benefit! You know your going to have to meet her sooner or later!"

"Alright. Get on with it."

"The minute the war ended the two of you spent an entire week in here, just you two, and then suddenly Ginny apparated back to the Burrow crying. What happened in that one day that ruined everything?"

"I realized we weren't right for each other."

"So you dumped her?"

"I told her we would be better as friends!"

"So you dumped her."

"Look Hermione. I wasn't ready for a relationship so soon after what I went through! And honestly if she couldn't help me recover how could I ever seek guidance from her? I just want to be friends with her! Don't get me wrong, she's funny, brave, smart, sweet and pretty but she's not the person for me. I need someone who can understand the broken part of me just as well as they could understand the whole part of me!"

"Oh. I get it," Hermione said softly.

"Thank you."

"But you still have to tell her this, all of this. Everything I heard today she has to hear too. Soon."

"Okay. I'll do it before Hogwarts starts again."

"No. You'll come over to the Burrow for dinner tonight and you will not only speak to Ginny but also get used to the presence of other humans again."

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_Burrow, Around eight o'clock _

It was around eight o'clock when Harry Potter knocked on the door of the Burrow for the first time in months. Instantly the door was flung open and Molly Weasley greeted him with a large hug. She continued to quickly guide him into the house and seat him down comfortably in the living room, mumbling the entire time about how happy she was that he had finally left Grimmauld Place. George stepped out of the kitchen and grinned widely at the sight of Harry sitting in the cozy room.

"It's so good to see you mate!" George said hugging Harry.

"You too George, I'm glad to see you're doing better," Harry replied with a sad smile.

"Well, Angelina's really helping. Besides, Fred wouldn't want me to spend my whole life mourning." The two had just settled down and were chatting away, when a very pregnant woman barged into the room.

"Waz that Harry I heard?" the Fleur questioned. Harry got up and raced over to greet the French beauty. "Harry!" she cried, hugging her friend and kissing both cheeks, "it iz good to see you."

"And you of course Fleur, congratulations!" he said grinning and pulling her in for another hug. Within fifteen minutes Harry had met and re-aquainted with the entire Weasley clan- with the exception of Ginny.

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Ginny's bedroom, Same time

"Ginny! Please come down!" Hermione begged the red head.

"Why should I?" Ginny snapped.

"I know Harry really wants to meet you," Hermione sighed.

"We both know Harry doesn't care about me!"

"That's not true! Please just let him explain!"

"Why would I do that?"

"Because he needs you too- he still cares about you and loves you, it's just not the way it was before."

"Fine." Ginny replied pulling on her sweater and slamming the door shut behind her.

Ginny walked down towards the living room, plastering a fake smile on her face. She walked in and started straight towards Harry and stuck out her hand. "It's good to see you again Harry, it's been awhile."

"You look good Gin, I've missed you."

"I'm glad to hear that," she replied, smiling teasingly.

You could practically hear the ice breaking after that, and everything went about swimmingly after that. Of course Molly had whipped up a feast to rival those at Hogwarts- and so the good food, pleasant chatter, loud laughter and priceless company, made Harry very glad he came.

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It was after desert, when everyone was lying about and the soft lull of 'A Cauldron Full of Hot Strong Love' filled the air that Harry walked up to Ginny- who was quietly talking to Fleur.

"Hey, Ginny, could we talk in private please?" Harry asked tentatively.

"Yeah sure, how about we head up to my room?" she replied.

Once there Harry immediately began, "Look Ginny, I was a git. I gave you absolutely no reason for breaking up with you and then I didn't contact you for six months."

"Yeah, you were a git." Ginny agreed.

"I would like to tell you why I did it now," Ginny nodded her consent and he continued. "The reason I did what I did was because I realized that I wasn't the same person you fell in love with in sixth year; I had changed drastically and we were no longer compatible." He looked up at the red head and nervously ran a hand through his hair. "The whole me was the person you deserved, the one who didn't have any broken pieces you could get cut on. You deserve someone who will be able to always devote their entire self to you- I can't do that. I've loved you- in fact I still do, just in a different way. I just want you to be happy- I can't make you happy anymore Gin." Tears were falling down both their faces and Ginny embraced him and held him tightly.

"I love you too Harry, honest, and now that you've told me why you did what you did I don't blame you. I guess we just weren't meant to work out- but I cant thank you enough for everything, you're still my friend. You always will be." Ginny leaned forward to kiss him and Harry reciprocated. It was a sad, soft kiss that said so many things that words couldn't: it spoke about hope, bitterness, sadness, thanks and the wish for a different life.

* * *

><p>Platfrom 9 and Â¾, September 1_st_

The platform was abuzz with last minute goodbyes and promises to write. However despite the familiar scene it was far more crowded than usual, a few students had come for an eight-year and many had returned after being pulled out from school during last year's havoc.

Despite the awe-filled looks that followed Harry around, he couldn't have been happier about finally returning to Hogwarts. Hermione, Ron and him walked together towards the carriage designated for the returning eight-years. It had been magically extended so as to fit all the students, and Professor Flitwick was there too.

>"Ahh good. Potter, Granger and Weasley, I'm glad to see you three returning. Now that you're here I think we have all of you. Now, this year, none of you will belong to houses. You shall all be staying in a separate dorm- each of you will get separate rooms and shall share a common room. You shall find all of this behind the portrait of the founders on the fifth floor and the password shall be 'unity' for the time being. Now fourteen of you are returning and I want you all to set a good example for younger students- you must show them that prejudice no longer exists in any of you and you all stand united. I'll just read off the names of all those returning; Hannah Abbott, Susan Bones, Terry Boot, Tracey Davis, Hermione Granger, Daphne Greengrass, Neville Longbottom, Ernie Macmillan, Draco Malfoy, Padma Patil, Parvati Patil, Harry Potter, Ron Weasley and Blaise Zabini. I'll leave you lot to it then."<p>

"Wait Professor! What about Quidditch!" Draco Malfoy asked quickly.

"Well, none of you are allowed to play on your house teams or create your own team but you may help teach the younger students Quidditch and may also help your former house with their practice sessions."

The fourteen students nodded and thanked the Professor as he exited the carriage. As soon as he left a thick silence filled the area, until Draco Malfoy (of all people) stood up and looked at each of his classmates. "I know that I've been a prat throughout my years at Hogwarts, and on some occasions I have been down right evil. But please believe me when I say that I am no longer that person. I really messed up and I just want you all to know how sorry I am. I hope you believe me when I say I've become a better person- I'll spend this entire year trying to prove that." Thirteen faces nodded grimly at him and he smiled weakly, before adding "Also Potter could I talk to you in private?" Harry stood up and followed Draco out of the compartment.

"What is it Malfoy?" Harry questioned.

"Look, I think you know that I had no choice. If I hadn't done it I don't know what would have happened to Mother. Taking that dreaded mark was the biggest mistake I made, I should have just grabbed my mother and gotten out of there- but I didn't. I don't want to waste your time; I guess what I'm trying to say is thank you for testifying for me at trial. I'm not actually the person whom I had to be during the war, the only reason I went from spoiled-narcissistic-little-shit to evil-scum-bigot was because I couldn't see any other option." Draco finished his voice shaking slightly. Harry looked him straight in the eye and held out his hand, which Draco gratefully grabbed and shook. And so the rest of the train ride passed quickly as the

fourteen enjoyed spending time together and getting to know one another. They soon found out that without the house prejudices in the way they could actually get along.

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><p>The feast had gone by quickly, without much happening except for the new teachers being introduced (Professor Charlie Weasley for 'Defense Against the Dark Arts', Professor Penelope Clearwater for 'Transfiguration' and some other new teacher for 'Muggle Studies') and the stuffed eight-years trooped up to their new living-quarters. Once there, Padma Patil stated the password and the portrait swung open to reveal a large comfortable common room with cream and wood furniture and a roaring fireplace. The walls were also cream and the floor was made of a dark brown wood, colours were provided through house coloured cushions, rugs and the ceiling that much like the great hall reflected the sky outside. It was beyond impressive and to top it all off, two sides of the room had staircases: one that led up to all the girls' rooms and the other that led up to the boys' rooms. The fourteen then split up to go see their bedrooms, the seven boys climbed up the left staircase and the seven girls climbed up the right.<p>

Harry easily found his room and walked into it, there was a four-poster bed, a wooden dresser, a wooden desk and a scarlet carpet covering the floor. The walls were white and there was a scarlet bedspread. He later found out that nearly all the rooms were exactly the same. At the end of the boys corridor there was a shared bathroom for all seven of the young-men. He quickly unpacked, went in for a shower, changed and got comfortably into his bed, immediately falling into a deep sleep.

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><p>The next morning, Great Hall

Harry, Ron, Hermione and the rest of their classmates had all gone down for breakfast where Professor McGonagall greeted them. "Good morning students, now since none of you are officially part of any house, you shall all sit together on the circular table," the headmistress gestured towards the front of the hall and pointed out a round table, "I shall distribute your lesson plans after breakfast, some of you will be in intermediate or one-on-one lessons with your teachers. However you may also be attending some classes with seventh-years. We have based your timetables on your career choices and your skill sets, if you have any issues with them you may come and see me. Now off you go for breakfast."

During breakfast Harry found himself sitting with Daphne Greengrass and however hard he tried to start a conversation she remained cold and aloof, giving short precise answers and piercing glares. Harry quickly stopped trying and turned to speak to Neville. They chatted casually until Professor McGonagall came around with their schedules. "Now, students, I'll just go over the subjects and who'll be taking advanced classes and who shall be taking further than advanced classes- if any of you have shown true promise in a subject then you'll be put in further advanced, if any of the rest of you are taking that subject you will most likely be in advanced classes. However, in some subjects there are only further advanced classes, and classes you shall be taking with seventh years." The headmistress

then proceeded to hand out the schedules. Harry ended up in further advanced 'Defense Against the Dark Arts', advanced 'Charms' and 'Transfiguration' and (surprisingly) 'Potions', the seventh year class of 'Herbology' and 'Astronomy'. Hermione seemed extremely pleased with her schedule; she was in further advanced classes for 'Ancient Runes', 'Transfiguration', 'Potions', and 'Arthimacy'. She wasn't in any seventh year classes as she was in the advanced class for 'Herbology', 'Charms', 'Defense Against the Dark Arts' and 'Astronomy'. Ron however wasn't in any further advanced class but was in the advanced class for 'Defense Against the Dark Arts', 'Charms' and 'Herbology'. The rest of his subjects though were with the seventh years. "Damn it Harry! We only have Charms and Astronomy together! And Hermione we only have Defense and Charms together! Bloody hell, I'll be spending most of this year with Ginny!" Neville came up behind him and assured him that the two of them were mostly in the same classes- except for Herbology (Neville was obviously in further advanced). The eight years discussed their subjects a bit more and then headed towards their first classes.

Harry had just said goodbye to Ron, Hermione and Neville as he headed towards the Defense room, it was then that he realized he was not alone. "Potter," his companion said nodding at him.

"I didn't know you were good at defense," he replied.

"You're not the only one with talent in this subject," she snapped back, flipping around her silky icy-blond hair whipping Harry lightly. He couldn't help but sigh as he followed Daphne Greengrass into the classroom.

* * *

><p>What do you guys think? Please review I would really like to know where I can improve, or even if you just like this fanfiction. So, you'll hopefully get weekly updates but if I get more reviews, I'll be inspired to update more. This will be a HarryDaphne story and will focus on very real and raw emotions that Harry would be feeling after going through a war and being a soldier from the mere age of eleven. There will also be a bit of Dramione and Hannah/Neville but those are definitely not the main pairings. This story is rated M because there will be talk about mature and dark subjects. Anyways, thanks for reading and I hope you like it!*

2. Chapter 2: It simply wasn't meant to be

I'm so sorry about how long this update took! I've been really busy these past few weeks what with exams and some other personal issues! Thank you to all those who followed, favourited, or reviewed! So much love for you all!

* * *

><p>Defense Against the Dark Arts Classroom, Hogwarts:

Charlie took one look at his two most advanced students and his face lit up with George-like joy. "I take it you two get along splendidly," he said chuckling; Harry glared at him while Daphne kept an impassive face. "Well, since you get along so well, I'm ecstatic

to inform you that not only will you be together in this lesson but you shall also be my teaching-assistances. Therefore you'll be spending much of your year together," he finished with a smirk. Harry and Daphne both looked at him with similar expressions of disbelief and their Professor couldn't help laughing. "Well, enough of the jokes. To assess your abilities I want the two of you to duel each other. Then based on the flaws or strengths I see we shall decide what to work on. Okay, take your stances."

Daphne and Harry held their wands in front of them. Blue and green eyes both icy and focused. They vaguely heard Charlie signal the beginning of the duel and at that very second the room was alight with spells. Curses Harry had never seen before flew out of Daphne's wand, but Harry was too fast for her. He threw up a shield spell and instantly swapped to offense. His spells were high-powered and he threw them quickly. However, Daphne really did deserve her place in the class; she threw up powerful shields and gave the 'Boy-Who-Lived' and run for his money. The two flew like acrobats across the classroom, leaving destruction in their wake. Spells of every color flew from the two wands and the room was illuminated with every curse. In the end though, Harry did win. Greengrass didn't seem to like that though and shot him a cold look.

"Well, that duel wasâ€¦wow," Charlie said, "Perhaps you two should be teaching me, that was honestly amazing. You two are definitely better duelists and more powerful than me but that doesn't mean I can't teach you anything. I've learnt a lot about helping people build up their spell power and core and other ways for one to improve/hone their skills- that's what I'm going to help you with. The three of us won't have a regular relationship; we shall work together as friends and equals." The two nodded at him, respect and gladness evident in their eyes; they had both feared a teacher who would pretend to be far superior to them and lecture them about unimportant subjects. "Now, Daphne, despite the fact that you are beyond talented, Harry's better. You do however have a wider knowledge- if even two of your more dangerous spells had hit Harry you would have brought him down. What we're going to work on is the strength in your spells. Harry, your spells though simple are of high power and you're a mite faster than Daphne. We need to increase your knowledge though- you have to learn more spells and we need to work on your non-verbal casting. The bells going to go off soon, that was a long duel- so in the next class we'll work on increasing spell power. We'll also have to do some exercises that help with core growth. For my classes I want you both to come in comfortable clothes in which you may exert yourself physically." Harry and Daphne smiled at him, their eyes glittering at the thought of the challenging tasks to come. "Now, off you go to your next lesson."

The two eighteen year olds wished the redhead a good day and walked out of the classroom.

"So, Greengrass, that was a good lesson wasn't it?" Harry questioned, hoping that the class would have put the girl in a better mood.

>"It was." She snapped.
"Are you looking forward to the upcoming ones?" Harry tried again.

>"Why do you insist on talking to me Potter!" she snarled, her crystal blue eyes flashing.
"Gosh Greengrass! I'm just trying to be friendly! We have to work together all year." He said harshly and then adding under his breath, "you would think the war taught these

people something."

>"What was that Potter?" she said in the coldest voice Harry had ever heard.<p>

Harry's temper flared and he repeated the sentence. That was when she lost it, her voice was harsh and biting and Harry swore that the temperature in the hall dropped. "How dare you! How dare you accuse me of fighting with that bastard! You think I approve of what he did! I didn't then, I won't in the future, and I don't now. You think that fighting him was the worst thing that could happen? Imagine being surrounded by the scum that kissed his robe! Having to talk politely and do whatever those men told you to! It was so easy for you on the run Potter. You don't know what it was like for the rest of us- you don't know what they did if you didn't listen! So don't fucking act like you know what it is to feel pain, to feel fear. I bet your tent was nice and cozy, and all your dear friends were safe in their little room of requirement but you don't know what it was like for us. You don't know what it was like for the rest of us- who couldn't go and hide, the ones who had to pretend to approve and to like it! So don't even mention the fucking war to me Potter! You're not the only one with demons." And with that she turned on her heel and stormed out of the corridor leaving Harry with the heavy sense of guilt.

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Harry hardly paid any attention during his classes and throughout lunch he was preoccupied. Hermione, Ron and Neville cast worried glances at their friend, however, as hard as they tried to find out what was going on he remained silent- a stony look permanently on his face. He kept quiet throughout the meal and then disappeared, not reappearing for the remaining lessons.

Unknown to his friends, Harry had gone to track down Luna Lovegood, who he found sitting near the lake. "Hello Harry," she said brightly smiling up at her friend.

>"Hi Luna," he replied, sitting down next to the girl.
"Is something wrong?" she questioned simply.

>"Luna, you're very observant aren't you?" the girl just nodded and gestured for him to continue, "while you were at Hogwarts, during the war, how was it for the Slytherins?"<p>

"Some of them liked it very much, they were sadistically happy, but what most of us don't realise is that majority of Slytherin aren't actually evil bigots- they're just ambitious and clever. Anyhow, it was the worst for them. They sat next to murders and rapists and they were completely controlled by them- standing up meant a fate worse than death for you and your family. At least with the rest of us we had the teachers to protect us and the safety of our common rooms, they didn't. The worst part is that even though so many of them fought with us in the war we still discriminate against them." Harry looked down his eyes glistening and his shoulders hunched. "Oh no Harry, don't think this was your fault- if it hadn't been for you this would have continued. You finished this Harry, Voldemort started it." Harry looked at the girl sitting besides him and brought her in for a hug. Luna Lovegood was without a doubt one of the wisest and bravest people he knew.

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><p>Breakfast, Great Hall, Hogwarts

The next day at breakfast Harry tired going up to Daphne to apologize but her glare would have scared off even Voldemort. So he contented himself by talking quietly instead to Draco Malfoy. The two were having a rather serious discussion concerning Quidditch when the platinum blonde nudged the black-haired boy and gestured vaguely to the general direction of when Ron and Pansy were sitting. "Looks, like Pansy's found her latest victim." He said.

On the other end of the table Ron had, somehow, found himself sitting next to Pansy Parkinson during breakfast- not that he was complaining. She had really grown up, her nose was finally in proportion to the rest of her face, her lips had filled out and her hair was luscious and long.

>"So Ron, how've you been?" she asked sweetly.
"Oh good, and you Parkinson?" he replied.

>"Can't you call me Pansy instead?" she questioned flirtatiously, twirling her hair and leaning towards him.
"Sorry, Pansy." He blushed. She laughed carelessly and moved closer towards Ron.

"Umâ€|you look good Pansy."

>"Thank you, you're so sweet." Ron's ears reddened and he stuttered out some reply.<p>

Harry and Draco were doubled over; the two clutching onto each other trying to keep one another up as they watched the scene unfold. However, next to Harry someone was not finding the situation even nearly as hilarious. Hermione Grangers face distorted into a cross expression as she grabbed her bag and stormed out of the Hall. Harry saw her go and his eyes immediately met with Neville's, the two sharing a worried look. Harry too grabbed his bag and ran out behind his friend, Neville close at his heels. The two looked around desperately but they couldn't find the girl anywhere. "Your map Harry! The one that tells you where people are!" Neville suddenly exclaimed.

>"You're a genius! Waitâ€|how did you know about that?"
"You weren't exactly discreet mate." But before they got time to find Hermione the bells signalling the start of the first lesson rang and they had to make it to class. The two walked towards advanced charms together- hoping to see Hermione but she wasn't there.

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Defense Against the Dark Arts Classroom, Later that Day

Harry tried to talk to Daphne before the start of the lesson but she cut him off before he could even begin. Throughout the lesson she remained cool and silent, only speaking to Charlie and that to only when necessary. She carried out her tasks with an angry determination and every time Harry tried to say something to the blonde she blatantly ignored him. When the time for the end of the lesson came Harry approached the girl again; "I know now what I said was rude and prejudiced and I am beyond sorry. Accusing you and lashing out when I didn't even know half of your situation was uncalled for and I'm so-" but before Harry could finish he was interrupted.

>"Save it Potter. You still don't know what it was actually like! And you know what your problem is that you're too goddamn saintly. You wont know shit about what we went through unless someone spells it

out for you! You don't give a fuck Potter; stop pretending you do. You accepted Draco's apology all high and mighty but you would have done the exact same thing in his place. So screw you and all your apologies." She growled at him. Harry clenched his fists his temper bubbling up inside of him.<p>

"You know what Greengrass, I tried! I went and found out that I was wrong and then I came and tried to fix this shit! So I'm sorry that you've got a chip on the shoulder the size of Great Britain but don't take it out on me!" he retorted, "It wasn't any picnic for us either!"

>"You don't know a thing about me Potter!"
"Oh really? You're a spoiled little brat who had everything going for her but the second life become tough you couldn't deal with it! You assume that you got the worst of everything but you're wrong! Your life was easy!"

Daphne's eyes flashed at this and she drew out her wand casting a curse at the boy in front of her. Harry's reflexes took over and his wand came out too and soon there was a fast-paced duel taking place in the corridor. A crowd gathered and watched in amazement, flabbergasted at the skill of the two. The fight didn't stop until Professor Flitwick came running out.

"What is this atrocious behavior? I didn't expect this from either of you! Since I cannot take points away, both of you will submit in essays explaining what you did and why it was wrong. However, I must admit that was a remarkable duel, I am quite blown away!" The small Professor squeaked. Harry and Daphne glared at each other gritting their teeth.

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_Later that Night, Hermione's Room, 8__th__ year Dorm_

"What is it?" Hermione called angrily, upon hearing the knock on her door.

"Can I come in?" she heard a familiar voice reply.

"No." she snapped.

"Too bad," and at that Harry walked into the room. Hermione glared at her friend but didn't say anything. "Where were you today?" he questioned.

"Well, you were most certainly with your dear friend Ronald Weasley- who has absolutely no idea what the word commitment means!"

"Hermione please calm down- I understand why you're mad at him but I want you to know that I actually have been looking for you through out the day."

"Oh, I'm sorry Harry! I was just so hurt by Rons behavior that I couldn't bare to face him! I thought that after the war he would have finally been ready to enter a proper relationship and fully commit to it but he can't!" she cried. Harry held his friends close and comforted the crying girl. "I though that since we had both been through the war together that we would be able to help each other! I

thought that our experiences would form a strong and unbreakable bond between us! After that horrible war I just wanted someone who I knew would always be there for me- someone who had seen me at worst and still loved me. I thought it was him! I really did!"

"Hermione, one day you'll find someone who's exactly what you described and you'll be happy- maybe that day just isn't today. And, the war did form a bond between the two of you, that's for certain. Maybe it just wasn't the bond you hoped for. Hermione, I think you two just have to talk about it. Ignoring him won't solve anything," he replied.

"Oh Harry!" she sobbed, holding onto her friend even tighter.

"Shh, it's going to be all right 'Mione. I promise everything will be okay."

* * *

><p>The next day's lessons passed in much the usual fashion- Harry and Daphne argued through out Defense, the eight years were piled with assignments, and everything else was just the same. It was not up until dinner that Hermione finally approached Ron.<p>

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Dinner, Great Hall, Hogwarts

"Hello Ron," Hermione said, slipping into the seat next to him.

"Hermione! We haven't spoken for the past two days! You're not madâ€¦ are you?" he questioned frantically.

"As a matter of fact, I am, or at least I was."

"Oh?"

"You see Ronald, I don't think we're compatible anymore," she whispered, her voice breaking slightly.

"Hermione, what do you mean? Hermione. No. No. No." Ron's voice started cracking.

"Lets not cause a scene Ron. How about we talk about this someplace private?"

"Oh, yeah okay. Lets go 'Mione."

The two walked out of the hall together and headed up to the astronomy tower.

"Ron, look, I love you. I love you so much, but I don't think that either of us love each other in the way we want to."

"Hermione, but, we've been through so much together!"

"I know Ron! That's why we'll always love and cherish each other, just as friends."

"I get it. You're always right; I know you're right this time too. I love you," he whispered sadly. The redhead turned to walk down the staircase but before he could leave, Hermione grabbed onto him and pulled him close.

"I have to do this one last time," she said softly, just before her lips met his. The kissed deepened and he lifted her up, her hands tangling through his hair, their tongues fighting for dominance. Ron broke away placing kisses on her neck as Hermione moaned.

"Ronald," she gasped as he bit down on the tender skin of her neck, "Ron, it's time. We can't let this go further." Hermione, let go of him and stood up straight, fixing her hair and leaving, with Ron close behind her.

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><p>I hope you liked this chapter! Please please please review and let me know what you think!

End
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